Sunday School Advocate

J. D. FELTER, ENG.

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Castles by the Sea.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

THREE children sat on the shining sands
Beside a quiet sea;
The warm sun came and softly kissed
The faces of the three;
The waves came stealing up the beach
In liquid melody.

Three castles rose on the summer air,
Like bubbles light and gay,
The soft winds caught them playfully
And bore them far away,
While sea-weed wreaths were quaintly twined
By dimpled hands that day.

"One day," said Ben, "you will see a ship,
White as a sea-bird's wing,
Come grandly sailing up the bay,
Her precious things to bring,
And I her captain bold will be,
As proud as any king."

"And I," said baby Bess, "with you
Will sail across the sea,
And I will make of sea-weed red
A crown for you and me;
And as we sail, and sail, and sail,
How happy we will be!"

Said maiden Maud, "I know a ship
That went out with the tide;
One day it will come back again,
And I will be a bride,
And I will sail, and sail, and sail,
Close by the captain's side."

A Lump of Sugar.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

"Now," said Mrs. Rose, smoothing down the bed-quilt, and patting the wrinkles out of it; "now, dear, I suppose you'd like to have Uncle Will tell you a story?"

"O mamma, wouldn't I, just!"

Ethel had been put to bed early because she had caught cold the day before, and the doctor said she mustn't go out again for a week. Still, she wasn't very sick, you know. Just enough to make the bed seem good, and to want to hear stories and reading. The ADVOCATE had come the Sunday before, and she had heard every word of it read aloud, besides looking at the pictures several times over.

Just as her mother gave a final pat to the quilt, there came a great soft knock at the door. Uncle Will's knock always made the children laugh; he generally used the side of his fist, which made it sound big and soft, almost like the push of Carlo's nose, or a thump of his shaggy tail.

"Come in, come in, Uncle Will!" cried Ethel, sitting up in bed, and wrinkling the quilt all over again. "O please tell me a story!"

Uncle Will's gray eyes twinkled as he shook the rain-drops from his beard, and sat down beside the bed.

"Well, Puss, what shall I tell about?"

"Any thing you want to. I know 'twill be good."

"Let me see, let me see—what do you like best?"

"Sugar," replied Ethel, without hesitation.

Uncle Will gravely selected a square lump of sugar from a bowl near by, and placed it on the little stand by the bed where she could see it as he talked.

"Some months ago," he began, eying the lump with great solemnity, "a furious shower of rain-drops dashed down upon a certain plot of ground not less than a thousand miles from here, and proceeded to conduct themselves in the most extraordinary way. They were in such a hurry that they hardly stopped to pick out good places to fall upon. One went splash! down a green frog's nose, making him wink and put one paw up in the drollest way you can imagine; another struck into the branches of a tree overhead, but fidgeted about until it got a good start again, and plunged down upon the ground. Those that alighted upon stalks of plants or bushes immediately ran with the greatest haste into the earth.

"'Well, well,' said the green frog, sulkily, 'what's all this fuss about? If you can't keep off my nose, you'd better stay up where you belong!'

"Most of the drops hurried past without even stopping to laugh. One good-natured little fellow, however, paused a moment to say, 'We're in a great hurry, sir, because the king has sent word that he wants a lump of sugar made at once.'

"'Humph!' croaked the frog, a little mollified, 'who's it for?'

"'For a little northern girl named Ethel, I believe,' cried the drop over his shoulder. 'She'll want it next spring, and we've no time to lose.' And he was out of sight in an instant.

"On hearing this, the frog, who was a good-hearted old fellow after all, hopped out of the way, so as not to stop any more drops on such important business. Besides, they tickled his nose, and that made him unhappy.

"Meanwhile the drops had sunken down several inches below the surface of the ground, and there they scurried about in good earnest. One ran this way, and one that, hunting for bits of—what do you suppose, Ethel?"

"Honey, sir," said Ethel, looking puzzled, and a little sleepy.

"Not a bit of it, my dear. For charcoal. Some of this they had brought from the sky in tiny pails, some they found in the earth. As fast as they secured a piece they ran with it to where a wee white staircase opened for them to enter. There were thousands of these winding stair-ways, and up the drops toiled, bearing their little pails of charcoal—don't go to sleep, Puss!"

Of course he knew she would go to sleep, and that was just what he wanted. He used to tell the children he carried his pockets full of the best medicine in the world, which was sleep.

"O no, Uncle Will," murmured Ethel, drowsily. "Was there any thing but frogs—charcoal, I mean, in the pails?"

"Just a mite of water. Here and there, along the stair-ways, were small closets, in which the drops were constantly leaving their precious loads. Whenever one had done this he laughed merrily to think his work was over, climbed out of the nearest window, (of which there were no end all up and down the stair-way,) and, spreading his wings, flew off to the sky once more.

"Once in the closets, the king bade his great golden sun take charge of the charcoal and water, and make it into sugar as fast as possible. So the sun shone upon them day after day, and worked such wonders with his bright and skillful fingers that before very long there

was enough sugar finished to make a lump. It was stored up in a tall green sort of grassy reed, which men call sugar-cane. Then came people with dark faces—like the charcoal, but who will some day be white and fair like those shining crystals of sugar—and cut the stalk down. Next it was beaten, and crushed, and hurled to and fro, and washed over and over again, until one day it found itself no longer black, but as spotless as snow. It was crowded into a barrel, carried miles and miles over a railroad, bounced up and down in a dark store, and finally one fine day offered to customers in Mr. Ginger's grocery-store. Then Mrs. Rose thought it would be nice in her cup of tea—not dreaming that her little daughter was going to be sick, and would have the lump which had been made for her so long ago—and placed it in that bowl. And here it goes into—"

Uncle Will stopped abruptly. A sound of soft and regular breathing came from the pillow. Ethel was fast asleep. So Uncle Will laid the lump down, and slipped away again into the rain.

Jerboa.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

We must tell you that this little creature is one of the rodents, that is, gnawing animals, between the squirrel and the rat; yet more like the rat, while its very short forepaws and great length of hind legs and tail cause it to bear a strong resemblance to the kangaroo. It stands, too, on its hind legs, and when alarmed takes great flying leaps. It is said that it jumps from five to eight feet at a time, and one species from fifteen to twenty feet, or more. A pretty good leap for such a little creature, is it not?

The jerboa is of a fawn color, whitish underneath and has soft fur. Its head is sloped somewhat like the rabbit, its ears thin, broad, upright, and rounded, the eyes large, round, and dark colored. On each side of its nose are several long hairs or whiskers; and the cutting teeth are sharp and strong, resembling those of the rat. Its tail is very long, and is covered with short, rough hair, though it is tufted at the end with longer and softer hair. When leaping the jerboa stretches out its long tail, but when crouching or walking it carries it in the form of an S, the lower part touching the ground.

And now, since you will like to know where this little animal is to be found, we must tell you that it has long inhabited the wide and grassy plains of Asia, and the east of Europe. Other species are found in Africa and Australia.

The most common species is the Gerbo or Egyptian Jerboa, about the size of a large rat, living in societies and constructing burrows under ground. A much larger species is the Cape Jerboa, a native of the mountainous country to the north of the Cape of Good Hope.

They all, indeed, burrow like rabbits and in much less time. The excavations which it forms are many yards long, oblique and winding, but not more than half a yard or so from the surface of the ground. They are usually found with but one opening, though they are provident enough to make another passage to within a short distance of the surface, through which they can rapidly burrow in case of necessity. In these homes they breed several times during the summer and have six or seven little ones in a litter.

They keep within their burrows through the day, sleeping rolled up with the head between the thighs. At sunset they come out like bears and roam about till morning, feeding mostly upon bulbous roots, grass, corn, and grain. Some say they sleep all winter, others that they lay up a store of food and remain close in their burrows during cold weather.

Their flesh is said to resemble that of the rabbit, and is esteemed a great delicacy by the Arabs and others.

A Little Teacher.

"O dear! it is too bad, and I did want to go so much too!"

"What is it, Bessie?" said Aunt Julia, seating the little weeping girl upon her knee.

"Well, auntie, you see, I wanted to go to Sallie Brown's doll's party so bad, and Ruby was all dressed in her party-dress, ready to go; but when I went to ask mother she said I couldn't go, for it was going to rain; and there hasn't a single drop fallen yet, for I've watched—not a single one yet, auntie."

"That may be all true, Bessie, yet a great many drops may fall between this and night. Your mother knows best, dear. Go and get Ruby, and let me see how beautiful she looks in her party-dress."

So Miss Ruby Rose was brought, and, after paying her a great many compliments, auntie said, "Now, let Ruby lie in your arms while you lie in mine, and let's talk. Look out of the window, quick! Did you see that great big moth hovering over that flower?"

"Yes, auntie. I caught one once, and thought it was a humming-bird, but it wasn't. How still it is now!—hardly moves."

"Bessie, that little fluttering thing has come to teach you a lesson. It says, 'Little girl, sip the sweets. There are plenty of sweets in this world; take these, and let the bitter draught alone.' There! it's gone, but the lesson is left behind. It means, 'Don't think so much of your troubles and forget your good things; don't hang on the disagreeable events of life, but sip the sweets of the pleasant, fragrant flowers, for they are all around us, if we would only look for them.' But see that great rain-drop; and here comes another, and another: here they come, a whole army."

"I'm glad I didn't go, auntie. I stayed and sipped some sweets too, didn't I?"

"Yes, darling, I hope you did; and auntie trusts that all through life you will remember that roses may have their thorns, but they have their sweets too."

Required Reading, L. R. U.

YOUNG BEREANS' LESSON HELPS.

SUNDAY, JULY 20.

The great King David sat resting one day in his new and beautiful palace in Jerusalem. He was now king of all Israel, and the Lord had given him peace with all his enemies. His mind ran back to the days when he was but a little shepherd lad; then he remembered how he had slain the great giant Goliath. His life at King Saul's court came up before him, and Jonathan the dear friend of his youth. He remembered, too, the jealousy of Saul, and the years of fighting and unrest which he spent.

But now how changed! To-day he is the powerful and well-loved king over all the tribes of Israel. He sits in his palace, the palace which Hiram had sent men to build in Jerusalem, and as he looks about him he thinks of all the goodness of God which has brought him to this day of sweet rest. God had been leading him by the hand all the days of his life! God had given him all his riches and power! God had been his friend every step of the way.

No wonder his heart filled with love for God, and he said to himself, "What can I do to show my love and gratitude to this faithful Friend?"

Out yonder stood the tent in which the ark of God had been placed. Here sat David in a beautiful house of cedar. "Shall I live in a beautiful palace, while God has only a tent?" said David.

When his friend Nathan, the prophet, came in, David told him what was in his mind, and Nathan said, without waiting to ask God, "Go, do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee."

But now the shades of night have fallen. Nathan is alone with God, and his ear is open to hear what God the Lord will say. No work can prosper without his blessing. No work should ever be begun without asking him if we may do it.

God gives Nathan a message to the king, and he has to go and tell him that God does not want a house built for him at this time.

God says to David through Nathan, "I took thee from following the sheep to be a king over my people Israel, I will bless thee, and thy children after thee, and when thy reign is ended thy son shall reign after thee. I will bless him, and give him great riches and power, and he shall build me a house, but thou shalt not build it, for the time is not yet come. But I am pleased with thy wish to do honor to my name, and I promise thee that thy kingdom shall be made sure, and shall never pass away."

What a blessed promise for David to hear! He knew that it would not be broken, for God's promises are sure, and so David was glad and happy. But his happiness all came from trusting God, and if we trust him, we may be as happy as was King David.

SUNDAY, JULY 27.

Again King David sits thinking of the goodness of God to him. He had wanted to show the Lord by his outward acts that he loved him for all his favors. But when he had said, "Let me build a house for thy worship, Lord," the Lord had said, "No, that is not the work I have waiting for you to do."

And now the beloved Jonathan, the dear friend of long ago, rises up before the mind of the king, and he asks, "Is there any yet living of the house of Jonathan to whom I can show the kindness of God for Jonathan's sake?" It is not David's kindness that he wants to show, but the kindness of God! Even David could do nothing good himself; it must be the Lord working through him.

Ziba, an old man, once a servant in Saul's family, is called before the king. He had known Jonathan, and he is ready to tell the king all that he knows about the family. Yes, a son of Jonathan still lives, beyond the Jordan, whither he was carried after the battle in which his father fell. The child, then but five years of age, met with an accident at that time which left him lame in both his feet for life.

How glad the king is to hear that there is still one to whom he can show the love that yet lives in his heart for Jonathan! At once he sends a messenger to call Mephibosheth to the royal palace. The young man was afraid when the king's message reached him, and when he came before the king he fell down on his face before him. Then how kindly David spoke to him, and told him how dearly he had loved his father, and how glad he was now to show kindness to the son for the father's sake!

The king says to him, "Fear not, I will give thee all the land that belonged to Saul, and thou shalt eat at my table as one of my dear friends." How changed was life now to the poor, lame man! A mighty king had reached out his hand, and lifted him up to a high place. It was not for any good that Mephibosheth had done, but for the sake of another whom the great king had loved. How Mephibosheth must have loved the king! Every day, as he sat at the king's table, he must have thought of his bounty, and felt like kissing the hand that fed him.

Do we remember the great goodness of our King to us? For Jesus' sake he wants to make great gifts to us. For Jesus' sake he offers us a place at his table, a home in his great heart here, and a glorious home in his heaven hereafter.

Shall we take his gifts, and say, "Thank you, Lord," or shall we turn away, and remain poor and lame all our lives?

CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONS.

V.—SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

It will be interesting to American children to learn what they would be called in Sweden. It would be *barn*, which is not unlike the Scottish *bairn*. A boy is *pojke*, pronounced *poyk*. A little boy is *gosse*. A girl, *flicka*; a maiden, *mo*. Thus we can imagine Swedish parents speaking to their children. Their Christian names are numerous, as they have one for every day in the year, and many of them are very high-sounding. The peasants like grand names for their little ones, such as Adolph, Adricin, Gotfried, Gustavus, for boys; and Josephina, Thora, Ingeborg, for girls; and if they have no name prepared, they seek one in the almanac for the particular day of baby's birth.

In the country the children have few toys. A little girl of seven had never seen a doll until one was given to her by another little girl who was more fortunate, and she went into ecstasies over it. Her astonishment at a doll's house may be imagined. While the poor children make their little feasts out-of-doors in the summer, by arranging broken crockery surrounded by leaves, and putting their cakes upon it, or squeezing red currants and cranberries through muslin to make wine, those in better circumstances have always a doll's house. This they keep in excellent order. There is a real cooking-range in the kitchen, and when little visitors come, they amuse themselves by preparing coffee, boiling potatoes, making pancakes, or concocting puddings of apples, grated bread, sugar, and the like. This teaches them to be little housewives; as in time, when grown up, they will be expected to practice all the lessons they have learned when young, whether at home or at school. The winters are very long and severe in Sweden, with often snow on the ground from November till April; so little Swedes must be much indoors, except when they sledge on wooden things called *kälke*, pronounced *chelka*. These they drag up hill, sit upon them, and then have a good slide over the frozen snow to the bottom. This game is like what the Canadians call "tobogganing." But the *kälke* is also used by the children as a draught-machine. They draw all sorts of things upon it, and employ it to carry for them their books and dinners to school. You may be sure they are well wrapped when they use the *kälke*, being muffled up in warm jackets and hoods, and knitted gloves with only a thumb, like babies' gloves, for they have no fancy to be frost-bitten.

When old enough, all peasant children must go to school during part of the year. They are excused while the harvest and potato-digging are in progress, because they help their parents at those times.

In connection with the day-schools, there is one day set apart to teach the girls to sew, knit, spin, and weave, and the boys to make baskets, tubs, wooden spoons, etc., all which they can follow up in the long winter evenings, and which will be of use to them in after life. Also in summer the boys have small gardens, where they are taught to sow seeds, and have the different grain and grasses explained to them. They are very industrious and willing to learn.

Sunday-schools are not attached to the country churches in Sweden, as a rule; but here and there good ladies assemble the children at their houses, or elsewhere, on the Sabbath, to learn the Scriptures, and sing hymns. Such is their zeal that they are known to trudge five or six miles for an hour's teaching, and their behavior is such as would be seen in few of our Sunday-schools. They do not care much for music, perhaps because their church singing is in the minor key and dirge-like; but they seem to like some of our English hymns which have been translated and introduced into the churches.

They are confirmed at fifteen, and before the ceremony takes place they go for a long time, once or twice a week, to be prepared by their clergyman. He always confirms his own flock, and they then partake of the Lord's Supper. The girls wear black dresses, white aprons, and white kerchiefs on their heads at their confirmation.

The children of the upper and middle classes are highly educated, and have much the same course of study we have. They learn and speak English as well as other languages. They are very polite, and bow and courtesy when they enter a room, and stand with their feet in the first position. There is a pretty custom observed by all: after a meal, each guest thanks the host and hostess, and even little children are taught to go up to their parents and thank them, at the same time kissing their hands. They usually stand at their meals.

Name-days, birthdays, and Christmas-eve are the great festivals for the young people. On the two former the table is tastefully wreathed with evergreens, and the bouquets and presents elegantly arranged upon them. Sometimes the receiver finds them prepared for her when she awakes in the morning. The birthday-cakes are eaten with coffee in the afternoon. They are a sort of sweet bread flavored with saffron, and adorned with initials. But there are also light sponge-cakes covered with spun sugar candy. Even in the depth of winter friends carry a few flowers, grown in pots, when they go to offer their congratulations.

But Christmas-eve is the grand festival of the year, both with rich and poor. In the cottages the house is cleaned, the Sunday clothes are put on, white curtains are hung, and the tables are covered with white cloths. Every one has been working for weeks before at the presents, which are sometimes thrown into the rooms, so that the donors may be guessed at, not known. Sad and poor indeed must be the person who gets no Christmas gift. Thus, all through Christendom, "Good-will to men" is shown when we celebrate the birth of our Saviour.

[End of Required Reading.]

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

JULY 12, 1884.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.
MARTHA VAN MARTER, Assistant Editor.

Kind Hearts.

It was a warm day, and a warm dispute was going on in the pretty summer-house in Mr. Mayne's garden between Lily and Victor Mayne.

At first it was a half-laughing dispute, but it grew and grew, until Mrs. Mayne heard the angry voices and went out to see what could be the matter. But when she saw the flushed faces, and noted how high the tide of anger had risen in each little heart, she said,

"No, I cannot hear your story now. You may both remain here without speaking for a half-hour. I will return in a few moments bringing something which you are each to learn by heart and recite to me at the end of the half-hour."

Lily and Victor were silent. They were obedient children, and did not think of resisting their mother's will. At the end of the half-hour they were ready to repeat the verse she had given them to learn.

They both looked a good deal ashamed as they walked slowly up to the piazza where Mrs. Mayne sat. But there was no shade of reproof on her face. Her eye and voice were as kind as ever, and she listened with the most pleased attention to the recitation, first from Victor, then from Lily.

This is the verse they recited:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife."

"And now, Lily," said Mrs. Mayne, "you may tell your side of the story first, as you are the lady."

"O, mamma," said Lily, "I haven't any side to tell! I got angry at nothing, and I am sorry and ashamed."

"And you, Victor?" said Mrs. Mayne, smiling.

"I was the only one to blame, mamma," cried Victor, eagerly. "If Lily will forgive me, I'll try and behave better another time."

And so it was all over, and kind hearts won the day!

A Word to the Boys.

Ashamed of work, boys?—good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you know so little about great men.

Open your old Roman history now, and read of Cincinnatus. On the day on which they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field plowing.

What about Marcus Caius, who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look him up; you will find him busy on his little farm.

The great Cato—you have surely heard of him—how he rose to all honors of the Roman State; yet he was often seen at work in the field with the slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won Carthage for Rome, was not ashamed to labor on his farm.

Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day spinning among her maidens.

Better, even, than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." There! after this you will feel ashamed not to work.

The Only Cure.

If you were seriously burned, and many remedies were brought to you, only one of which could certainly cure you, the others might do you some good, which remedy would you prefer?

"The one that would certainly cure me."

Would you not try the others?

"No, sir; try the one that cures certain."

There is but one cure for sin; in 1 John 1. 7, it is written, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." That only can cure the wounds sin has made. There are a great many remedies men talk about, such as infant sprinkling, which they call baptism; and then confirmation and penance, and other things. And we fear some think if they make a profession of religion and are baptized, and join the Church, that will cure them. But none of these reach the part where the disease is. The blood of Jesus alone, and faith in that, can do it.

A little girl, giving her experience for membership, said, "I was converted the day the bee stung my mother." When asked what she meant by that, she replied, "When the bee stung my mother I cried and ran away, afraid he would sting me. She called me back, and said, 'Don't be afraid, he can't sting you now; he has left his sting in my hand.' Then she told me that sin could not sting me either if I believed in Jesus, for sin had left its sting in Jesus. I believed it, and ever since then I felt I had a new heart."—*Dr. J. W. M. Williams.*

California Rat.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

There are several species of this little animal, all of which we cannot describe to you at present. We will merely tell you that what has been called the Norway rat really came originally to England from Persia or India. It is now, though, naturalized in all the countries of Europe and America.

Rats are said to multiply enormously in ships and places where they can constantly find plenty to eat, yet perhaps nowhere more than in the sewers in large towns. But though mischievous in devouring eggs, poultry, grain, etc., and unwelcome to dairies and store-houses, where they are very destructive, they are said to do good service in the sewers, for they act as scavengers in devouring animal and vegetable substance, the putrefaction of which would otherwise be productive of pestilence. It is even thought that the visits of the plague to western Europe and to Great Britain have ceased from the time when rats became plentiful. The brown rat that inhabits sewers is generally larger, fiercer, and of a coarser appearance than the same species in houses and barns.

Recently we have heard of an entirely different species of rat that is found in California. It is thus described by one who has seen it: "To form its nest it heaps up large quantities of sticks and leaves. When I found these nests in the mountains along the coasts, they were two or three feet high, but in the valleys among the farmers the nests were smaller, and were built in the forks of the scrubby, wide-spreading white-oak, or the branches of live-oak. I well remember the jolly times among the boys when we set fire to the nests in the trees, and banged away at the rats as they ran hither and thither along the limbs of the trees."

Although troublesome, these rats are not considered so injurious to the wheat as are the hundreds of squirrels which are found in California, and which burrow in the wheat-fields and eat the wheat. The farmers poison a great many of them by mixing phosphorus with wheat, and placing a small quantity at the entrance of their burrows.

Miss Cloud and Miss Sunnybun.

My window overlooks a yard where two little girls play almost every day. I call one Miss Cloud, and the other Miss Sunnybun. The first makes a great friend of a pout that twists her small red lips round so: ⌒. The other's persistent companion is a smile that gives to her sweet lips a scarlet curve like this: ⌣. Can you guess how they look?

The other day they trudged off into the woods and pastures for wild flowers, bringing back bunches of blue violets, star-eyed daisies, buttercup and dandelion blossoms—all green-and-gold looking—and delicate plumy ferns which had already begun to wilt. They were a very tired but happy little couple, with muddy shoes, scratched hands, and soiled aprons. Sunnybun gave some of her treasures to mamma, some to her sister, and some to me. Miss Cloud said she had worked too hard to give hers away, and wanted them all herself.

By and by, after eating her supper, she forgot them, and the next morning there they were on the window-sill, quite limp and dead. Sunnybun's had been put into water, and were now tossing their heads as gayly as if in their own native beds.

"Let's play pony," said Miss Cloud.

"You may drive," said Miss Sunnybun.

"All right!" and away they went in fine style.

One of the lines breaks. Miss Cloud stamps her foot.

"We never play *any thing* without *something* happens."

"I can fix it in a minute," says Sunnybun, cheerily.

"The yard isn't large enough to play in."

"O, yes; it will do very well," I hear Sunnybun answer, who knew they were not allowed outside the gate.

"You aint a good pony, and I wont play, anyway!" and Miss Cloud goes into the house with *such* a scowl.

Sunnybun runs around by herself, and looks like a sunbeam chasing a sunbeam.

I wanted to surprise my little girls one afternoon. When they came home from school, under the apple-tree in the yard they saw a table spread with a white cloth. There were tiny cream biscuits, a small glass jar of honey, rice cakes split open and jelly spread between, cocoa-nut cakes, apple turnovers, and, for a crowning ornament, a tall glass dish of nuts and candy right in the center. Such screams of delight, such shouts of joy, and such a scampering after wax dolls and china tea-sets!

After it was all done I heard Miss Cloud ask:

"Don't you hope she will give us another?"

"O, I don't think about another," said Sunnybun. "I think about this; isn't it splendid?" and her radiant face smiled over with happiness.

These little girls are both my pets, but I do wish that little unpleasant pout would go away and stay from Miss Cloud's face—for which do you think I like best? Which do you?—*Watchman.*

"The Little Gates."

BY MATTIE M'CARLIN.

Within the church-yard's winding paths,
One sultry summer day,
A father watched with loving eyes
His little child at play.
Amidst the silence of the tombs
Her merry laugh rang out,
And echoed back as off she ran
With playful, joyous shout.

"See, papa! what a little grave
Just over there!" she cried;
"I guess it's just the size for me."
Then running to its side
She stretched her little living form
Above the silent dead;
Then springing nimbly to her feet,
"It's just the size!" she said.

A shudder shook the father's frame,
"Come here, my child," said he;
"For that is not the place for you,
So full of life and glee."

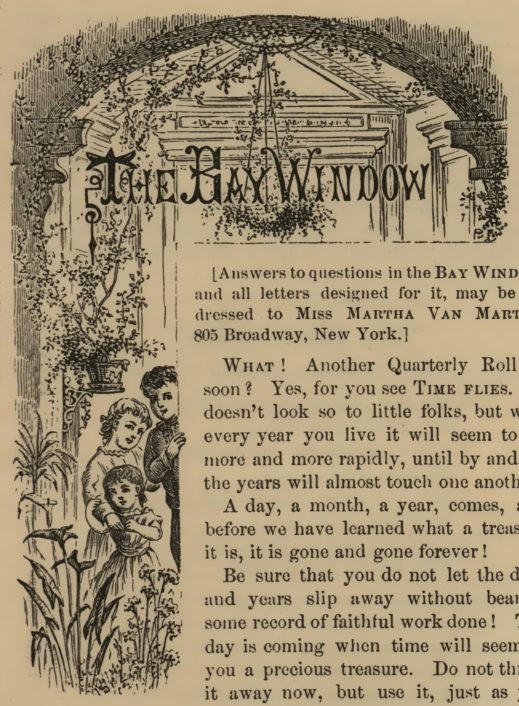
"Perhaps," she said, "it may be so,"
And softly touched the sod;
"But this is just a little gate
That leads straight up to God!
And little children go there too—
But I will come away,
And stay with you a little while,
Until some other day."

"Some other day" has come, and now
Bereaved ones gather round
The spot on which her living form
So lately pressed the ground.
Another "little gate" is made,
Though loving hearts are riven;
Another little child is safe
With Jesus, up in heaven!

O lovely summer day!
The whole world is at play;
And hand in hand
Through fairy-land
The little children stray.

Wear a Smile.

Which will you do—smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every body around you miserable? You can live, as it were, among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face and a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and fretful disposition, you can make a number of persons wretched almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow in your face.



[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, 805 Broadway, New York.]

WHAT! Another Quarterly Roll so soon? Yes, for you see TIME FLIES. It doesn't look so to little folks, but with every year you live it will seem to go more and more rapidly, until by and by the years will almost touch one another!

A day, a month, a year, comes, and before we have learned what a treasure it is, it is gone and gone forever!

Be sure that you do not let the days and years slip away without bearing some record of faithful work done! The day is coming when time will seem to you a precious treasure. Do not throw it away now, but use it, just as you would if you knew that but very little of it remained to you!

We have a noble company asking admittance to the L. L. to-day. We welcome every one in the name of this great Society, made up of earnest boys and girls who are trying to "look up, and not down." May the pledge and mottoes be to you a daily help to pure and unselfish living, and a daily reminder that God is the great Helper to all things good and true.

MOTTO.

"Look up, and not down;
Look out, and not in;
Look forward, and not back;
And lend a hand!"

PLEDGE.

"We, the undersigned, wish to be manly (or womanly) and Christian in our character, and we therefore pledge ourselves to be, as far as we are able, truthful, unselfish, cheerful, hopeful, and helpful; to use our influence always for the right, and never fear to show our colors.

"We also pledge ourselves to use our voice and our influence against—

"Intemperance;
"The use of vulgar or profane language;
"The use of tobacco;
"Affectation in dress or manner;
"Disrespect to the old;
"Ill-treatment of the young or unfortunate;
"Cruelty to animals.

"We will aid and support each other in carrying out this pledge and the spirit of our motto."

QUARTERLY ROLL.

Lina Nickell, Tommy Nickell, Rachel J. Barter, Lizzie Barter, Grace Ray Jackson, Frank W. Jackson, Ida M. Howe, Alice G. Buck, Mabel Haly, Albert D. Angell, Julia Huff, Jessie Matthews, Grace Klock, Earl Klock, Albert King, Willie Daniels, Allie Smith, Marcus Harrison, Blanche Beeson, Stella Ranck, Abbie E. Reasoner, Lillie Merrill, Ada Merrill, Clarence S. Congdon, Belle Norton. A class: Frankie Browning, Ekin Chace, Willie Carroll, Charlie Foster, Hattie Hatch, Amy Hatch, Maggie Ford, Dora Thompson, Olie Chace, Lillie Black, Mary Bill, Ernest Daniels, Mrs. R. L. Blackman, teacher. Maggie Rowley, Josie Kephant, Maud A. Sapington, Jennie G. Slye, Sarah A. Mackay, Frank Lee, Bruce Butler, Michael Miller, Albert E. Legg, Lily Jones, Leo D. Woodworth, Ora G. Woodworth, Lida Carl, Ella Hewett. A class: Gertie Birch, Dolly Strahlem, Gertie Bushman, Emma Wilkie, Callie Wilkie, Katie Schleelbaker, Ada Ailes, Anna Clauson, Mary Joslin, Clara Taylor, Maud Ford, Rena Zinpper, Barbary Smith, Katie Riddle, Clara Chambers, Mattie Jones, Rilda Smeltzer, Katie Born, Laura Johnston, Lizzie Hiner, Lillie Mann, Hattie Unkenholtz, Mary Unkenholtz, Emma Windle, Hattie Windle, Anna Skillen, Martha Walls, Mary Parcher, Ida Voyler, Minnie Wilkinson, Gracie Stewart, Cora Hume, Mary Counts, Sadie Carey, Bessie Shilling, Fannie Singer, Lida Anderson, teacher. Ida M. Woodward, Mabel Rork, J. G. Ogborn, Alice M'Intosh.

We have a true story from one who was "one of the children" not very long ago, which we are glad to give to our little readers, hoping it may encourage some to carry their little troubles to Jesus and find how good and safe a Friend he is.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"One day, not many years ago, a little girl, aged seven years, was in great distress. She had been playing with some curtain fixtures in the morning and had forgotten where she left them. Her father desiring to use them that afternoon, directed her to bring them to him immediately. She looked in every place imaginable, but, alas! no fixtures could be found. Upon telling her father of her fruitless search, he replied, 'Hattie, if you do not bring the fixtures in half an hour I will punish you severely.'

"The poor child did not know what to do. She had looked every-where—no—there was still one closet she had not entered, but she thought she would kneel and ask God to let her find them there. With perfect faith she said, 'Please, dear Jesus, let me find the fixtures in that closet. I am so sorry I took them. You love me, Jesus, and you will not let my papa whip me. Amen.' She rose, entered the closet, and there found them. It was afterward ascertained that the servant, finding them on the table, had put them there, forgetting to mention it.

"H. E. S."

As this is our L. L. day, we have given you a little "Look up" story. We have still another, a "Lend a hand" story, written by one of our own L. L. girls.

EMILY'S BEST APPLE.

"'O! Emily, what made you?' cried a cluster of girls in the school-yard as Emily Briggs turned from a ragged little boy, to whom she had given her best apple.

"'It may do some good,' replied Emily, 'and then you know we learned at Sunday-school, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' and I'm sure I would like to have some one give me an apple if I was as poor and ragged as he is.'

"'How do you know he is poor?' inquired Mary Jane Wrood.

"'Because he is the son of poor Mr. Merrill, who has been sick so long, and Mrs. Merrill takes in washing, and this little boy sells papers to buy medicine for the father, and take care of the little ones,' she replied.

"'O! where did you get your information; been down to see?' said proud little Anne Boyd.

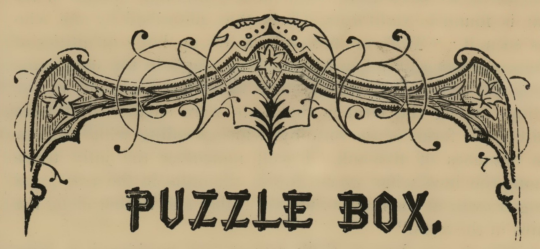
"'No, but I heard mamma telling Mrs. R—— about it when she brought us the paper last evening.'

"'O! say, girls, I've thought of just the nicest thing,' and now it was sweet Edna Grace who spoke, 'let us have a sewing circle or something of that sort and make some things to sell, so we can earn some money and get some clothes for that poor boy.'

"'Wont that be nice,' they exclaimed, 'we will ask our mammas and see to-morrow,' but just here the school-bell broke in upon their plans.

"Their mothers consented, and also offered to help them in their work. Edna Grace could crochet nicely. Emily could work nicely on card-board, and Anna Boyd, though so scornful at first, soon entered into the work. She could embroider. At last the day came for the sale of the things, forty in number. They were readily sold, and it all amounted to fifteen dollars, with which they bought a very nice suit of clothes, a hat, and a pair of boots for James Merrill. Many years have passed since then, and now there is a good and noble man who often thinks of that apple, and following that his first best suit of clothes, with a grateful heart. But you see how it all happened, because kind-hearted Emily gave away her best apple.

"MARTHA I. COLBURN."



SQUARE WORD.

1. The first murderer. 2. One devoted to teaching. 3. An animal. 4. Nearest in plan. WALTER DAILY.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters. My 9, 7, 8, is a falsehood. My 10, 11, 8, 15, 6, is a color. My 5, 14, 1, 7, 13, is a girl's name. My 4, 2, 3, is an article of dress. My 12, 15, 9, is a small reptile. My whole was an American general in the Revolutionary War. LIZZIE T. HOSKINS.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

In there, not in here;
In hearse, not in bier;
In each, not in all;
In step, not in crawl;
In shawl, not in hood;
In bad, not in good;
In lance, not in knife;
In woman, not in wife;
In new, not in old;
In ice, not in cold;
In man, not in boy;
In fun, not in joy;
In short, not in tall;
Whole, an epistle of St. Paul.

DELLA C. TODD.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

T. Y. A. E. O. O. N. U. E. H. O. E. E. –.

CLARA HOPKINS.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Don't say can't on your birthday.
2. The Amos Co. won the day.
3. Will Mr. Aber line the coat throughout?
4. That is called luck, nowadays.
5. Mr. Albris told me all the facts.

FRANK A. WILSON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF MAY 10

Hidden Names of Boys: 1. Herman; 2. Herbert; 3. Willie; 4. Oscar; 5. William. Hidden Acrostic: Israel. Easy Enigma: General Grant. Diamond: 1. H; 2. Law; 3. Hayes; 4. Wet; 5. S. Drop-Letter: "The Lord will provide."

Complete sets of answers have been received from W. W. Johnson, Louie Slack, Maud Orcutt, Frank W. Rommer, Virgil E. Rorer, Mamie Bickley, Ida May Miller, Lottie M. Baldwin.

Work and Play.

A HISTORY LESSON.

HERE is a bit of rhyme that every boy and girl who reads the ADVOCATE ought to learn by heart. It is copied from an old book, and contains much useful information. You see it will help you to understand many historical allusions which you will hear and see. When you hear some one say that Shakespeare died "in the days of good Queen Bess," or talk about "the reign of Bloody Mary," you will know just where to place them in the long line of English sovereigns, and will begin to get clear ideas about the great past. And by taking a little trouble you can find out something very interesting about each of these kings and queens, so that you will soon come to feel as if you had a personal acquaintance with their majesties. Who can tell why the first William was called William the Conqueror? and what two dear little boys "third Richard" had murdered, and why? and whether "Cromwell" was a king or not? and how long Queen Victoria has been on the throne? Now, out with the histories and encyclopedias!

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son!
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next, Henry the third,
Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles too.
Next Jamie the second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all passed;
Queen Victoria came—
May she long be the last.—*The Gem.*

"God's Little Errand Girl."

LITTLE HESTER loved Jesus, and tried to do his will. One day she and her mother had been talking together about their heavenly Father, and Hester said,

"Why, mother, God is sending us on errands all the time! O! it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand girl."

There are many things that an errand girl or errand boy can do which are very important.

To do errands properly one must be attentive, and learn just what needs to be done; must be prompt, and go at once to do the errands, and must be careful and faithful, and be sure to do the errands right.

Who is willing to run on little errands for the Lord? There are poor folks to be relieved, sick folks to be cured, sad folks to be comforted, hungry folks to be fed, old folks to be waited on, little folks to be cared for, and all kinds of good things to be done for the Lord, and he often uses very little children to do his errands. Who will stand ready to run and do them promptly, diligently, and faithfully? Who is there that in answer to the question, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" will say like the prophet, "Here am I; send me?" Isa. 6. 8.

H. L. H.

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